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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

NOVEMBER 2, 1936

**HARRY BRIDGES
SPEAKS OUT**

Robert Holmes

KNOCK KNOCK

William Saroyan

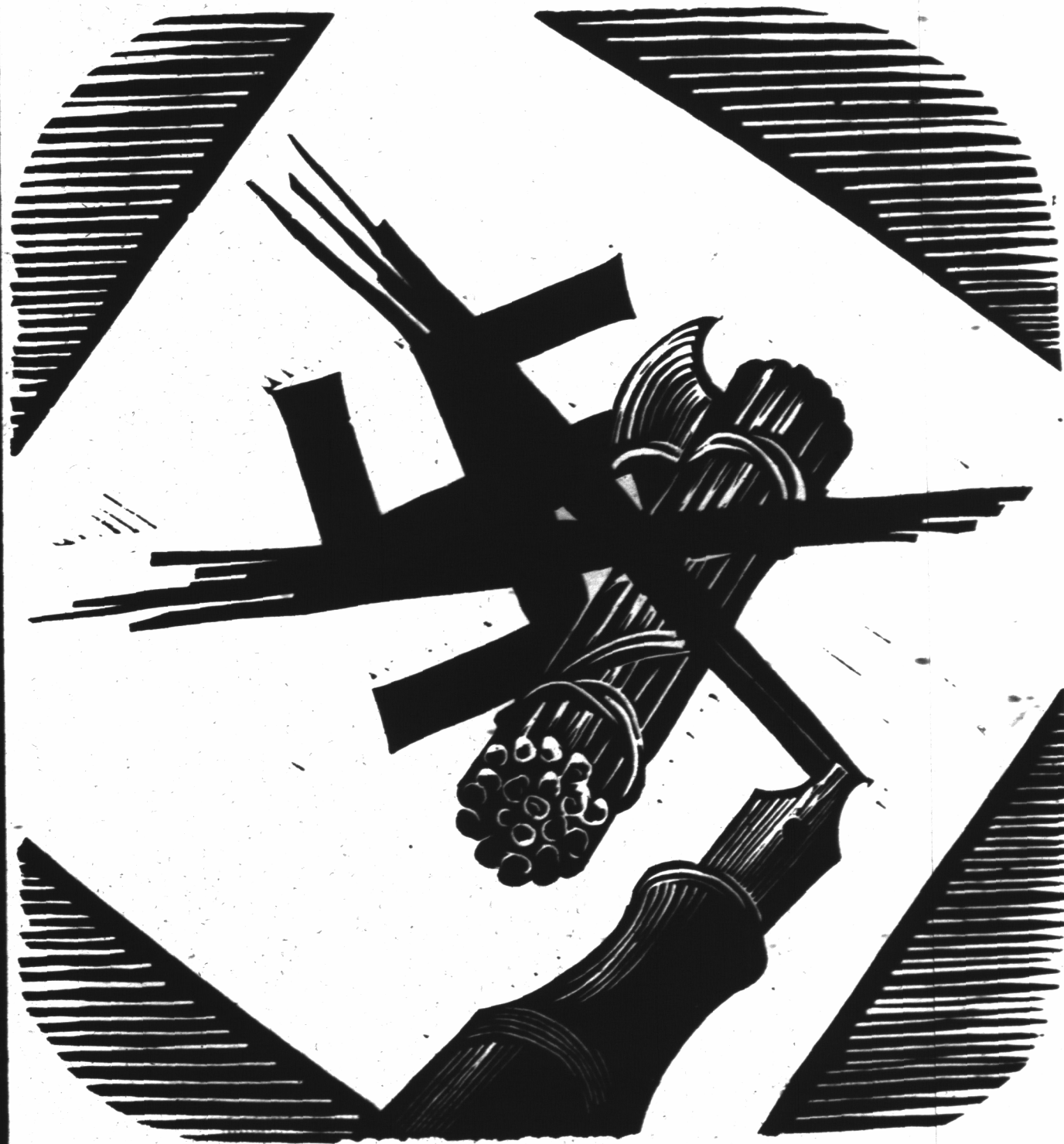
**CALIFORNIA
TEACHERS**

L. S. Gerlough

KING IN STEEL

Poem by Elsa Gidlow

**WRITERS'
CONGRESS
PROGRAM**



\$3 A YEAR

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

VOLUME V

NUMBER 18

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NOTES AND COMMENT

THE Santa Rosa trial of the tar and feather vigilantes has ended in an acquittal of the defendants on the charges of assault, kidnapping, and conspiracy. That could have been predicted in this county (Sonoma) where the jury was selected for its animosity toward the victims of the mob, rather than its ability and sworn duty to apply and enforce the law. Thus once again justice proves she wears blinders. And the fact is again emphasized that our courts and the law are dominated by financial and business interests. This is being brought home more and more by just such occurrences as "did happen in Santa Rosa," and which even the San Francisco Chronicle characterized at the time as "frenzied fascism."

The false cry of "communism" and "red agitator" was raised against the victims of the mob as a reason for excusing the lawless action of the defendants. Even Judge Coats, supposedly impartial arbiter, stated it was for the jury to decide whether the question of "communism" should be considered by the jury. His action was quite in disregard of the rules of evidence. The matter of Communism had no bearing on the sole issue of whether or not the defendants were guilty of assault, kidnapping, and conspiracy to reach those ends; charges on which the defendants were admittedly guilty.

Finally Attorney-General U. S. Webb's deputies devoted much time and apologetic explanation to make it known that the "General" was not defending Communism. That is scarcely news to the thousands of Californians who know only too well the reactionary position of Attorney-General

Webb. The mere prosecution of the vigilantes, feeble and sabotaged as it was, was secured only after months of protest and demand that the law be enforced as required by the statutes of the state. As expected, these twelve defendants have gone free, and lawlessness by those who violate the Constitution in the name of the Constitution (Landonism) has been tacitly if not openly approved. Vigilantism, as usual, has gone unpunished. But we are still treated to attacks on "agitators" and "radicals" on the sole ground that they "believe in force and violence." It must soon become clear to the American people who are the real enemies of constitutional democracy.

AN ITEM of interest to all who cry for "Preparedness," and to all who don't is the following.

An international munitions ring is operating a plant on an unnamed island for the manufacture of germ bombs for use in the next war, according to Contact, aviation news weekly published in Fort Lee, New Jersey. The first station was opened in the Western Hemisphere in 1930, the author of the article writes, and it was sponsored by "one of America's leading corporations." There are two other stations. One in the North Sea will supply the North and Central European states, and another in the Mediterranean will supply the South European states. The article reads in part:

"The airplane has been turned into the horseman of the Apocalypse, the rider of pestilence. Most planes, particularly those developed in Europe as long range reconnaissance planes are built with an eye to the possibilities of germ warfare. Germ bombs, weighing only a few ounces, with a deadliness greater than tons of explosives, may be carried unbelievable distances by these flying gas tanks.

"Self infecting powder, consisting of exploded gas, and ground silicon dioxide, is impregnated with germs and a food paste, capable of keeping them alive 60 to 80 hours under the severest conditions. This is blown out behind the plane through the exhaust and makes its own minute cut and infection, filtering through the clothing and breathed in with the dust.

"Crops and cattle are not immune from the germ raiders from the sky. The spores of grain and fruit diseases have been cultured in order to destroy the food supply of the enemy. Cattle diseases are introduced just as the human ailments are.

"This is to be one of the functions of planes in the next war. There will more profit in growing germs than in making shells. According to the scale, most germ culture will sell for over \$300 a pound. The cost of production, including the salaries and experiment, is less than \$6 a pound."

THE exploitation of youngsters by the so-called "part time" employment device is nowadays a common practice. The young man or woman is induced to take a course of "practical training" in a business school by the promise of "part time" employment. Many university graduates, despairing of their lot, have been induced to register in these employment-agency-colleges for business training courses. The "part time" employment angle is used to lower the existing standards of employment in business secretarial work. These various business schools keep up a steady bombardment of lawyers, doctors, and business men promising them "young workers" at

salaries much less than they are paying their regular employees. Woodbury College, in Los Angeles, has recently sent out a circular letter advertising its "bright, ambitious young men and women who are earning their way through college" and who, for this reason, are willing to work for "as low as 30 cents an hour." The letter goes on to say: "By the way, please tell your wife that many housewives are switching to young men as mothers' helpers. Yes, they do all that a girl does in cleaning, dishwashing, minding the baby; and, in addition, they tend the lawn, wash the windows, do the heavy work and clean the car. What a bargain in exchange for room, board and car fare!" What a bargain, indeed; yet the Hearst newspapers still strenuously insist that great opportunity awaits the youth of today under our present economic system, the opportunity of young men, fairly well educated, to become mothers' helpers for their room, board, and car fare.

THERE is no more thorough-going fascist sympathizer in California than Dr. Rufus B. Von Kleinsmid, president of the University of Southern California. It is impossible, in this space, to detail the evidence which relates Dr. Von Kleinsmid to the Nazi regime; suffice it to say that such evidence does exist. There was, for example, the matter of Dr. Von Kleinsmid's inspection, so-called, of the educational program of the Nazi regime, in connection with which he turned in a glowing report. But, more recently, the suave Doctor told the Los Angeles *Evening News* that, as between fascism and communism, he had an immense preference for fascism. Then, in response to the ballyhoo of the Hearst press about "Old Glory Week," the Doctor obligingly announced that every student at U. S. C. must take a specially concocted course in the Constitution; also, that the University had adopted the policy of using a display of national colors and martial music at its various meetings and assemblies. The Doctor ("Old Glory" Von Kleinsmid) is a wire-puller extraordinary. Those with a long memory will recall that, at a banquet in the Biltmore Hotel years ago, Dr. Von Kleinsmid welcomed E. L. Doheny back to Los Angeles, after the latter had been on trial for attempting to bribe an official of the federal government, and hailed him as "the first citizen of Los Angeles." Some day the alumni of U. S. C. will finally rebel and ask the Doctor, with his pro-fascist pro-reactionary Buchmanism, to step out the door.

THE lettuce strike in Salinas drags on. Edward Vandeleur, president of the State-Federation of Labor, is credited with having asked the union to accept the employers' terms, which were complete victory for the growers and shippers, including retainment of scabs (now called "replacement workers" by the Hearst newspapers), no preferential hiring, no recognition of the Union, and the full right to discrimination on the part of the employers against anyone they believed "radical" or militant. Naturally the union, by an overwhelming majority, turned down this offer. The employers were sorry, they had nothing more to offer. Much lettuce, badly packed by untrained strike-breakers, has gone bad, and the price has dropped in Eastern markets. The employers have lost a great deal in this strike, and stand to gain nothing by

their present tactics. But apparently some revolutionary power is arranging that employers shall not learn.

Meanwhile the government has stepped in in the guise of the WPA stating that lettuce strikers cannot benefit from relief jobs if lettuce packing jobs are offered them at equal wages. They must take them! Thus the State tells honest union men they must become scabs, and on their own union! A pretty lesson in ethics for the children.

WITH the elections approaching, William Randolph Hearst ferociously attacked Franklin Roosevelt on grounds, known to be false, that the President was being supported by the Communist Party. The charge was of course truthfully denied by the administration and by the communists both.

Instead of looking for Stalin under Roosevelt's bed, the public may well wonder whether Alf Landon is not doing some cosy bundling with Hitler. For it is fact that American Nazis, whose organization is now called the German-American Bund and is headed by Fritz Kuhn, have definitely come out for Landon. Kuhn, the former "Fuehrer" of the "Friends of New Germany" as well as Leader of the Bund, has in so many words stated that all members of his organization will vote for the Republican candidate. Mr. Hearst is not likely to mention that. Mr. Hearst is never likely to mention any fact which has evidence to indicate its truth.

THE *Literary Digest* Poll, some say, is infallible, although several magazine articles written in the past offer sound evidence that this belief is unwarranted. The present poll gives a majority to Landon. How is it that out of twenty leading polls now being taken throughout the country, many of them appearing in pro-Landon periodicals, the *Digest* is the only survey which does not give the majority to Roosevelt?

Whom does the *Digest* poll-card go to? Your banker gets one, your neighborhood businessmen get them, and you if

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you own sufficient property receive the card. But ask your neighborhood employees if they get them. Ask laborers and relief-workers if they ever caught sight of a Digest poll. Ask Negro families if they ever had an R. S. V. P. from ol' man Digest! The answer, as you can find out easily for yourself, will be a negative.

In short, the poll which, *e pluribus unum*, gives the Republican candidate the majority of votes for the coming election, is sent out preponderantly to the very people who are most likely to vote Republican. That the Republican majority claimed by this poll is not very great, even when the cards are stacked in its favor, is evidence that the Democratic majority is probably much larger than we and nineteen-odd other polls suspected.

A NEW FRAME-UP?

EARL WARREN, dictator of Alameda County, front-man for the Knowland-Chandler-Hoover clique of Republicans, would-be next Governor of California, is using every conceivable device to rush the trial of King, Ramsay and Conner, marine union men charged with the murder of Chief Engineer Alberts aboard the Point Lobos last March. Warren has two reasons for speeding the trial: one, that he wants to discredit union men at this critical stage in waterfront negotiations, and two, that he wants to increase his prestige through a victory for political reasons.

As has been pointed out (PACIFIC WEEKLY, September 14) this case is a frame-up remarkably similar to the Mooney-Billings affair, and the effort will be made to convict these men not because they are guilty of a crime but because they are militant, rank-and-file union men. The case against the defendants hinges on an absurd chain of circumstantial evidence, supported by the declarations of stool-pigeons and traitors to union labor. Warren has put his two most able and trusted deputies on the case, "several other deputies work in the background as assistants, a hand-picked jury panel has been selected, and the case has been set for trial before Judge Frank Ogden, formerly chief deputy district attorney under Warren—and a man whom Earl Warren had appointed to the bench! Earl Warren controls Alameda County. To the good people of the town, he is the perfect, fair, incorruptible district attorney. But labor and progressives know that Warren intends to win a conviction in this case by *whatever means may be necessary*.

The defendants are being forced to fight for a fair trial. They have asked a reasonable delay to make communication with many witnesses who are seafaring men. These requests have been denied by Judge Ogden, and as a result the defense has been unable to prepare itself adequately. The signal event that indicated Judge Ogden's bias was when Herbert Resner was substituted into the case as attorney for Conner whose former counsel withdrew, and Resner's request for time to prepare the defense of Conner was summarily denied. Resner was ordered to proceed with the case after only one day's delay which allowed him not even time to talk with Conner! Conner's right to have counsel not only in name but in actual fact, which means that counsel must be allowed reasonable time to prepare, a fundamental right incorporated in the Constitution Mr. Warren talks about so much these days, was seriously impaired.

Defense counsel were finally compelled to file a motion on October 26 to disqualify Judge Ogden on the ground of his bias and prejudice toward the defendants. A week's delay was thereby secured, although Ogden will probably preside at the trial. (Earl Warren will see to that.)

Meanwhile, maritime and other labor and progressive organizations are gathering their forces. They are determined that one Mooney case is just one frame-up too many.

A CURIOSITY

THE following, while published in the leading newspaper of America, will perhaps yet be news of the first order to the large majority of San Franciscans and other California citizens. It is taken verbatim from the New York Times of July 17th 1934. July 17th was the day of the raids on workers' headquarters in San Francisco, perhaps the day of the greatest vituperation and execration of Bridges in the marine and general strikes:

"BRIDGES QUIT HOME TO BECOME A SAILOR

STRIKE LEADER KNOWN IN AUSTRALIA FOR HELPING
OTHERS—NEVER ACTIVE IN UNIONISM THERE

MELBOURNE, Australia, July 17.—Harry R. Bridges, one of the outstanding leaders of the longshoremen's strike in San Francisco, had no career here as an industrial official. He was born in 1901 in a comfortable home in a Melbourne suburb. His father is a real estate agent. After attending the State school, where he showed an intelligence above the average, he was employed from 1915 to 1917 as a \$25 a week junior clerk in Melbourne.

He had always harbored a passion for the sea so, resigning his clerkship, he worked on several ketches which traded between Melbourne and Tasmania. Early in life he exhibited an impatience with constituted authority and was always eager to take the part of any one whom he believed to be a victim of an injustice.

On one occasion his resentment of discipline probably saved his life. Objecting to the manner in which the chief officer addressed him, he walked off the ship just before she sailed. The ship was wrecked on the trip. He had been in two wrecks previously. From one he saved only his mandolin which he tied around his neck with a pajama cord. His love of music he shares with his brother, who is a popular saxophonist in dance bands.

Twelve years ago Bridges left Melbourne to see the world by working for his passage. He married in San Francisco in 1923 and settled down there. His mother when interviewed at her home here today said she heard regularly from her son until four years ago. She said his passion for ships was the dominating influence in his life. He was so independent, she said, that he declined to allow his family to arrange an apprenticeship with the view of training him to become an officer, and declared that he would stand on his own and work his way up.

Mrs. Bridges was delighted to receive news of her son and showed a marked delight that he had attained the confidence of his fellows in his own sphere."

KING IN STEEL

Portrait of a Captain of Industry—with Background

ELSA GIDLOW

Rudge stands on his own feet; Rudge
Rears girder-tall on pillared limbs above
The swarming-small, the mole-men, stands
Firm-planted with steel roots deep in America,
With iron torso throwing a long shadow
On America; with tensile steel fingers
Grasping the wide sky:

Rudge:
King in steel

A poor boy fifty years back, starting
From scratch, starting with nothing, standing
On his own feet: he has told us,
The news men, the hero-makers have told us:
Only his own hands, will, brain and a
Vision God-tremendous of America
Held in a steel web; himself
Quiet at the centre,

weaving . . .
weaving . . .

No nebulae in the black void of space,
No burning coil of star-stuff, worlds enwombed
In flowers of fire shaping for ageless birth
Troubled Rudge with wonder; but red stars
Born in the foundry, the molten
Fire-roses, blooms of iron, high-tensile
Steel, white-hot, hissing and cooling,
These fused the dross in him to a dream,
Dizzied his cool brain with a dream
Of steel, tungsten, manganese, a mesh
Of metal webbing America, his fingers
Clutching the spun strands . . .

clutching . . .

Under earth
The mole-men delve
Pluck the ore
Out of rock
Grip the drill
Sweat in murk
In womb-warm dark
Of gnome and elfe
Love the work
Laugh like gnomes:

Try to forget their
Blighted homes.

The hero-makers have built Rudge Loki-tall,
The foundry roar his voice, the voice big
With the music of America, pouring
Soaring from his lungs, his self-made
Lungs.

And the long lines, the steel loops
Binding the Eastern towns to the plains,
Linking the plains with mountains and the seas,
These, all these: the steel-buoyed bird-men
Droning against the sun, all born

Of Rudge: steel bridges leaping
River and bay; and the chaste grain
Elevators, skyscrapers, the million-miled
Web of wires, and the wheels working for America:
From Rudge, King-limbed, God-browed,
Steel-King-Rudge who started from
Scratch in a small town long ago.

Nothing
Of the mole-men
Nothing
Of the foundry men
No word
Of the makers
Thinkers
Inventors:
All praise to the
TAKERS.

Rudge starting with nothing started with
All the hoarded knowledge of the world:
Skills of a million million forefathers
Shaping the future in iron and steel, skills
Reaching three thousand years to Greece, reaching to
Egypt, to Assyria, to the marvel

Of the first hand guiding an iron tool.
Loki-Rudge of the hero-shapers

From whom and to whom:

ALL:

Stands on his own feet. Stands
Alone, self-made, self-raised.

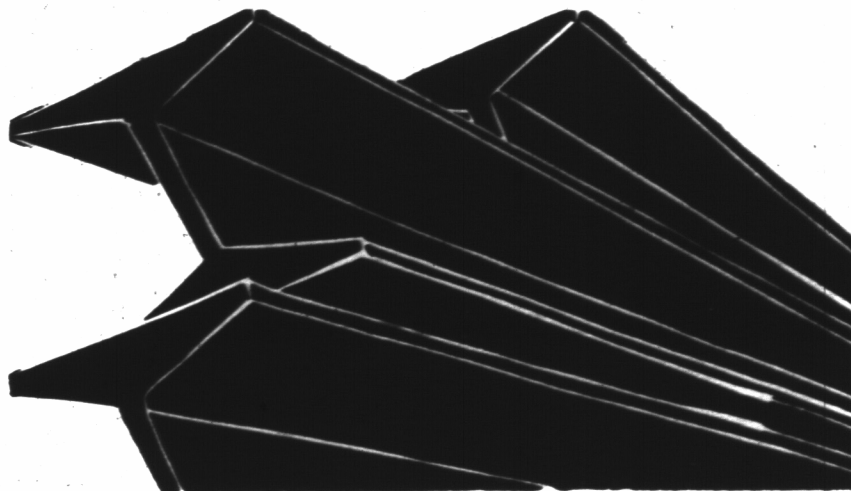
Nothing

Of the swarming-small, of the faceless
Millions under his feet, of the broken-nailed
Hands thrusting Rudge high.

Nothing

Of the mole-men, men of thought, of the makers.

Now, but not forever, all praise,
All gifts
All glory
To the takers.



HARRY BRIDGES SPEAKS OUT

ROBERT HOLMES

HARRY BRIDGES, fearless longshore leader, gave a dramatic, vivid picture of the waterfront situation to a packed hall of four hundred women of the San Francisco League of Women voters at the St. Francis Hotel on October 26, (and C. Lyn Fox, representative of the Waterfront Employers' Association, according to the report in the S. F. Examiner, spoke for "his side.") Addressing himself to the topic, "The Maritime Unions—A Constructive Force in the Community," Bridges told the fashionable audience of women which included the Mesdames Fleishhacker, Koshland, Chipman, Kingsbury, and other members of San Francisco society, that the unions were on the waterfront to stay. The ladies listened bravely as Bridges told them that unless the ship-owners met the men's fundamental demands, there would be a strike on the waterfronts from San Diego to Bellingham at midnight October 28.

Bridges pictured the degrading, inhuman conditions existing on the waterfront and at sea prior to the historic 1934 strike. He told of men working 18 to 36 hours at a stretch without rest, pay that averaged less than \$15 a week for most longshoremen, endless and often fruitless waits on the docks for jobs, fear of being blacklisted, a practice which the employers had reduced to a science. He described the rackets indulged in by waterfront parasites, how agents of the Blue Book, the company union, exacted toll from the men if they wanted jobs, how longshoremen bought whiskey for bosses, how brass checks, bought and paid for by the workers, were necessary to get work. And at the present time, the former president of the Blue Book which at one time was affiliated with the San Francisco Labor Council, through the consent of reactionary labor leaders, is sitting on the employers' negotiating committee!

Bridges told his listeners about the unsanitary, hardly habitable living quarters provided for the sailors and the rotten food they ate. He invited the Center to send a group down to the waterfront to inspect the ships and watch the men at work. He predicted that the shipowners wouldn't allow such a committee to investigate, although he added that the workers welcomed such a visit.

The matter of arbitration came up for explanation. The shipowners and public officials are continually urging arbitration, said Bridges, because they have everything to gain thereby and nothing to lose. The unions are opposed to arbitration, first, because there is no such thing as an impartial arbitrator, second, because the strongest side and the one that can exert the most pressure will win the case, which in this instance would probably be the operators, and third, because the awards never work. Bridges said that workers and owners were agreed on the one point that the 1934 award had not worked out as expected. The unions are avoiding arbitration because they are afraid it will lead to compulsory arbitration required by law, will banish the right to strike, and lead the way to smash the unions. Such has been the experience in other countries where compulsory arbitration is in force.

Bridges warmed up to his subject when he described the tactics used by the employers to undermine the unions. Stories of agents provocateur, stool-pigeons, and various other assorted "rats," met the dumbfounded ears of an audience that was so attentive the dropping of a pin could be heard. Harry

Bridges read two letters which had come into his possession and which he promised to make public when the present crisis is passed. One was from a boy to his mother in which the boy told of being hired by an official of the American-Hawaiian lines (Mr. T. G. Plant's company) to act as a spy and raise the "red scare." The boy said he was promised a soft berth for life, was made a deputy, armed, guaranteed every protection by the company. After the boy's purpose was served, he was unceremoniously dropped by the operators. This came out in the mother's letter which was sent to Bridges asking him for help. Her son, promised so much by these American businessmen who so frequently proclaim their civic conscience, was killed.

But the unions will not be driven from the ports of the Pacific. If they are defeated, the setback will be only temporary. Next year, the year after, the unions will be back and they will be back because they represent a crying need for otherwise exploited workers. "The only way the shipowners will get rid of the unions is the way Hitler got rid of them in Germany!" Harry Bridges' voice rang through the room.

Concerning what the unions had done, Bridges explained that the men for the first time were certain of their jobs without fear of blacklisting, and at decent pay and hours. He drew a round of applause when he stated that while before the strike 1300 longshoremen were on relief, today there is not a single one of San Francisco's 4500 longshoremen on the relief rolls. These men for the first time had good jobs at fair pay, and some self-respect. "And we will fight to the end, even if it means death, for our rights," said Bridges.

The present crisis the longshoremen's leader regarded as a vital one. He saw an attempt on the part of the operators to destroy the unions. The Maritime Commission enters the picture as a powerful ally of the shipowners and a dangerous enemy of the unions. The Commission is similar in set-up and functions to the old United States Shipping Board which in 1921 joined with the employers to break the sailors' strike of that year. To date, the Commission's actions have been on the side of the owners. The men have been ordered to remain at work while the Commission promises to investigate. While the waterfront burns with the question of the men's fundamental demands (PACIFIC WEEKLY, October 26), the Commission fiddles with investigations of secondary importance.

The operators have offered to renew the 1934 agreements for all the unions. The workers, however, are determined that they shall be granted those things denied by the 1934 awards. The longshoremen are satisfied to return according to the present agreement, but are presenting a united stand with marine unions on the latter's demands, principally preferential employment for the licensed personnel, and better conditions, wages and hours for the unlicensed seafaring workers. Twenty-six East coast and foreign companies have offered to settle with the longshoremen, and these companies do not receive subsidies under the act creating the Maritime Commission. That fact indicates the fairness of the longshoremen's position and the ability of the employers to meet it. But the West coast operators, who will receive large subsidies, don't want to settle with the seafaring crafts. The unions insist that they settle. As this is written, a strike seems certain unless the operators accede to the unions' demands, demands which are fair by standards of common decency and the operators' ability

to satisfy them. The employers, blinded by their hatred of the unions, pursue a stupid policy, because they will never be rid of the democratic, rank-and-file organizations of longshore and marine workers which have taken root on the Pacific Coast. And with leadership like Bridges' that statement is made doubly sure.

It was a splendid effort by liberal elements in the Center that opened its platform to Bridges. He was glad to speak to this audience which heretofore knew him only as the maligned "alien firebrand." Harry Bridges answered the charge of radicalism. That was the accusation of the employers against any worker who stood up and fought for his rights and those

of his co-workers and who couldn't be bribed. But it couldn't cloud the fact that the marine and longshore unions had made great gains for their memberships, that they would make more, and that they were a positive force for good in the community and in American life.

Harry Bridges grows in stature and influence day by day. He made a profound impression at the Center. They, perhaps for the first time, realize why the workers on the Pacific Coast waterfronts stand to a man behind him. He is leading the way for labor, both organized and the great mass still unorganized, and the advance is rapid. There is the bulwark for democracy in America.

TEACHERS FIGHT FOR SECURITY

L. S. GERLOUGH

RECENT newspaper accounts have contained the information that there is a split in the ranks of the organized teachers of California. The San Francisco News for September 24 contained the information that the California Teachers Association representing 37,000 teachers is opposed to the Instructors Tenure Amendment, whereas the 5,000 who belong to the Federation of Teachers is favoring it. This information was rather a surprise to most teachers. It was manufactured in a newspaper office. But the basis of it is the attitude of the small clique of administrative officers who control the destinies of the California Teachers Association. This group of directors has decided that their ideas in regard to teacher civil service in the schools shall obtain, and no one else's shall. In the book of *Proposed Amendments to the Constitution, Propositions and Proposed Laws*, put out by the Legislative Council and the Secretary of State, is their argument which is opposed to the tenure amendment.

Further than this, the directors of the C. T. A. have put out a pamphlet called *Then, Now, Tomorrow, the C. T. A. Successful Champion of Tenure*. In this they aim to show that, although it is impossible for more than half of the teachers of the state to get tenure, still the present law is adequate. The pamphlet urges the teachers of the state, "rather than listen to emotional appeals about the measure, to give careful study to its unwise provisions."

In offering this advice the directors of the C. T. A. has said that the provisions are "unwise." Does this make them so? It is highly doubtful. The directors of the C. T. A. are not acting differently from the bamboozling manner with which they have conducted themselves for the past three years. Their propaganda states that at the meeting of the directors in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco last April 11, "not one dissenting vote" was recorded against their tenure policy. The reason for this has simply been the gag rules of procedure under which the directors have operated. No group of teachers can go before them and get fair treatment. They have shut their minds to the issues of tenure. They merely listen to the statements of teachers without undertaking to debate the issues in open meeting. It is very unfortunate that the first genuine debates on the tenure amendment have to be made in public and such a short time before the vote has to be taken on it. This debate should have taken place in the C. T. A. council over two years ago when the tenure amendment was first presented to that body.

In the public propaganda put out by this small clique of

directors one might get the impression that they favor procedures which are "democratic." It is ridiculous for such an autocratic little body to give advice of this sort. No one has ever accused them of being "democratic." They take the stand that the election of the tenure board is undemocratic. The tenure board naturally makes a slight change in procedure. This is why the directors are fighting it. The tenure board will tend to correct one of the evils which have grown up in the two-caste organization of administrators and teachers in the field of public education. The directors stand for the outgrown practices of local school boards and Prussianized administrators. The teachers maintain democratic practices demand the recognition of instructors as citizens as well as professional people.

The directors try to convey the impression that they represent the wishes of 93 per cent of the teachers of the state. When they use the figure 93 per cent they surely forget the 50 per cent of teachers in districts with less than 850 pupils who are granted no sort of tenure under the present law. They forget the substitute teachers who are kept in a continual state of peonage in the largest and best of school systems. Year after year these substitute teachers are hired and are not given a chance to gain permanent status.

The most gratifying feature of the proposed tenure amendment is that teachers may be sure of securing tenure on their record as good teachers. Under the present law this is impossible. At present a teacher is compelled to kow-tow to the local political officers before permanency can be obtained. A special action must be taken to bestow it. Those who have watched the papers in the Spring of each year know how anxious the local boards are to grant tenure. Often they dismiss every one of the probationary teachers, good and bad alike, to avoid the letter and spirit of the tenure act.

The impression might be gained from this C. T. A. propaganda that the tenure amendment is a radical departure from present practices. Few teachers think so. It could only be considered radical if it abolished all the local boards. Even then it might not be extremely radical. The great Commonwealth of Australia seems to get along very well without any local school boards.

There was a time in California when the local school boards certified teachers. The local politicians on these boards were so corrupt that the certification of teachers had to be assumed by the state. Certification is now a function of the state but the old evils of favoritism have crept back into the

local boards by the practice of indiscriminate dismissals.

The C. T. A. directors try to convey the impression that the amendment will take away from the local boards all control over teachers in the local districts. It does no such thing. But an honest job of rating will have to be done. If the administrators rate a teacher high for 18 months and rate her low for purposes of dismissal the tenure board will conduct an investigation.

The argument in the C. T. A. pamphlets contain the statement that there will be so many cases of dismissal that the tenure board will be unable to take care of them. This is a sad confession of the state of administration. But there is every reason to believe that the tenure board will straighten matters out. The board will have sufficient funds to employ all the clerical help needed. School administrators will be required to submit regular rating reports but other reports may be submitted at any time. The mere existence of the tenure board will be a step in advance; it will tend to professionalize the administrative staffs of the local schools.

Something should be said about the election of the tenure board. The directors state that it will not be elected but appointed. There will be an election no matter what interpretation is put on the selection of board members. There will be an election because there still has to be an election of Justices of the Supreme Court.

The tenure amendment states that the selection of members of the tenure board is to be similar to that of the selection of Supreme Court justices. Since the drafting of the amendment the selection of justices has been changed. They are now selected in much the same manner as members of the Board of Education in San Francisco, by appointment and later election. However the best legal advice is to the effect that the tenure board will be chosen in the democratic method of election which the proposers of the amendment intended.

Another change in the laws of the state has been made since the tenure amendment was framed. From now on teachers of the state must have certificates for their various fields. An elementary teacher must have an elementary certificate, a junior college teacher a junior college certificate. But it will take years before this policy can go into complete effect. The teachers who constitute the present staff will not have to get special certificates. The law applies only to the new entrants into the profession. Hence there will for years be plenty of candidates for the tenure board even if the buncombe in the directors' argument were possible.

The contention of the C. T. A. directors is that the members of the tenure board will have to have certificates in all the fields of teaching. Aside from the absurdity of such an interpretation there is sound legal advice that the board will be constituted of persons who hold regular teaching certificates in any field. Expert lawyers tell us that the word "and" means "or" in law more often than it means "and," so that the argument of the directors breaks down on this point also.

The C. T. A. directorate calls the setting up of the tenure board "freezing" administrative detail into the constitution. It is permissible to "freeze" detail into a state constitution. As a matter of fact the only way the tenure board could be set up is by constitutional amendment. In appealing to the people over the heads of the narrow politicians on the local boards and the autocratic administrators of the C. T. A. it is hoped that a more fair and democratic procedure may be established.

The amendment does not make the state the unit of transfer. Some directors have maintained that the state should be

made the unit. But in taking this attitude we know that they are hypocritical for they try to set forth in their official argument the objections to making the county the unit. Under the amendment the county superintendent will have to have the same right of transferring teachers, in his own jurisdiction, as the city superintendent has in his. In the cities this procedure does not cause a great amount of trouble and we anticipate little in the counties.

Under any system of civil service there must be the courts and the law back of the scheme. The state will have to be given the authority to try cases where the local politicians will not submit to reasonable regulations. When the C. T. A. objects to "expensive court trials" in its propaganda, this is what it is opposing. It is not probable that there will be a great number of these "expensive court cases." The directors exaggerate.

The C. T. A. propaganda reads as if a referendum had been taken on the tenure bill among the teachers of the state. None has been taken. There is an increasing number of teachers who desire to put an end to the irregularities incident to the dismissal of instructors each year. The dismissal of teachers has become a racket and should be supervised. It must be remembered that the C. T. A. directors have put out of commission the greater part of the teacher agencies which used to operate in California. In Los Angeles and in Berkeley the directors operate their own teacher agencies. These agencies cannot be built up unless there is an increasing number of dismissals each Spring.

Finally it should be pointed out that there must be an end to the back stairs manipulations of the C. T. A. directors on this matter of tenure. Two years ago the demand for a change in the tenure laws were so strong that the directors had to circulate petitions themselves for a tenure amendment. A quarter of a million signatures were secured. Then the directors refused to file them. They have nullified the wishes of the teachers once. They should not be permitted to do so again.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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FRANK FENTON was born in London, graduated from Ohio State University and is now working in Hollywood. He has contributed to "Vanity Fair."

W. H. GERRY is a New Englander who for a living has "farmed, book-reviewed for Eastern papers and magazines, written reams of ad copy, chauffeured etc." He has published poetry in several magazines.

ELVAR WAYNE is a research worker, graduate of the University of Washington.

ERNEST ALBEE is an associate editor of "Pacific Weekly."

LUCINDA ARNOLD is a world traveller who is at present staying in Carmel.

KAY HOLLISTER is a Californian who studied art for some years in Germany, Paris and Spain. She is at present living in Carmel.

ELLA YOUNG is a famous Irish poet and revolutionary at present lecturing in Berkeley.

LESLIE T. WHITE recently published his autobiography and writes detective stories for the popular magazines.

ESTHER BLAISDELL is the daughter of a well-known lawyer in Los Angeles.

KNOCK KNOCK

WILLIAM SAROYAN

WHAT I would like to do is write a little book, preferably one that a man with astigmatic eyes can read in less than five minutes, that will promptly cause (Knock knock. Who's there? God who? God dam it, don't be standing around asking ridiculous questions all the time.) the Italian people to be sick and tired of the merry run-around Mussolini is giving them, the German people to walk in a body to wherever it is that Hitler practices the salute and tell him both the salute and Fascism are a lot of crap, the British people to wake up and know that nationalism and Britannia rules the waves is, or are, obsolete, and rhetoric, and nonsense, the Russian people to know that what they have been taught to believe is religion is not religion and that religion is not their opium nor anything remotely like it and that religion is never absent in any tribe whose ideal is as lofty as the Russian, the Marxist ideal, and the Irish, that most glorious race of all races, the most international race in the world, the race which is an attitude and a way of behavior, to stand up and hit anybody near them over the head with a beer bottle, and to hell with beer in cans. What the hell can anybody do with a can in a crisis?

The trouble is I can't write Italian, German, Russian, or English, and the translation facilities in spite of our advanced civilization, is very lousy, especially for my stuff. They don't fall all over themselves trying to translate my stuff into the major languages of the Western world, although I hear they like to read one or two other American writers like Shakespeare and Byron.

That's the main trouble. I know I could put everything in expert shape in less than five minutes if I could get all them Germans and Italians and Russians and Englishmen to read my stuff and wake up.

All I want to do is straighten out everything in the world and in every pathetic human being in the world, and in every pathetic human being who is scheduled to arrive in the world any minute now, and see if it would make any difference. I often sit at a table with a can of beer and wonder if it would make any difference. I think about it deeply and wonder and wonder and order another can of beer, and think some more, and order another one, and think some more, and order another one (Knock knock. Who's there? D. T. God. God, let's get the hell out of here. Gertrude Stein's at the God damn door) and I keep wondering and wondering, and there are a lot of cans on the table, and no bottles, not one bottle, and although there are suitable people near by to hit over the head with a bottle, there is no bottle, and I get up and yawn and tell Joe the waiter, Comrade, it will be heaven, but I'm afraid everybody would be just a wee bit bored to death. You shut your mouth, Joe says. Don't talk that way about Joe Louis just because he lose to Schmeling. Joe the waiter is a light-complected nigger, with a little something else in there somewhere, who thinks Joe Louis is God's greatest creation on God's green earth since the beginning of time, and Joe the waiter thinks everybody in the world thinks about nothing else except that Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis.

Little does Joe the waiter suspect that while I am sitting there I am not thinking about the Louis-Schmeling fight at all, but am anxiously wondering if, after everything is straightened out in the world, it would make any difference worth

tabulating from A to Z, with special categories for intellectuals. (Knock knock. Who's there. An intellectual. Get away, we don't want any.)

And since there is no bottle with which to make an adjustment in the world all I can do is stand up and yawn and argue it out, with Joe the waiter who, frankly, doesn't know I'm talking about one thing while he's thinking about another.

This holds true of barbers too, and these last seven haircuts have brought me not one iota closer to an understanding of what is likely to be when everything is straightened out.

I'm very curious to know too. I am very curious to know if straightening everything out would straighten anything out and if so, how, and to what extent, and if, after all, everybody wouldn't be bored and wouldn't say, Well, it's fine, everything's okey-dokey, we've got bread, we've got cake, chocolate cake, nice rich creamy chocolate layer cake, ice cream too, and candy too, yum yum, peaches too, strawberries too, O boy, we've got champagne too, hot diggity, we've got shelter too, a pent-house, and we've got leisure, one feature picture after another starring Garbo too, and my O my we've got old age security and we're just busting our bones trying to get old in a hurry, yes indeedy, Winslow Beatie, and we ain't afraid no more, there ain't nothing to be afraid of any more (Knock knock. Who's there? William. William who? William Randolph. William Randolph who? William Randolph Hearst. You can't have none of our good cake, child. You didn't give us none of your good cake when you had all that good cake. We ain't going to give you none of our good cake. You go on away now and starve like you're supposed to do. You go on away now and don't pester us aristocrats any more with your constant knocking knocking knocking knocking at our door. You stay away from our door, child), but, honest to God, we're bored, we're just a mite bored, we're just a little homesick for trouble and danger



and chaos and the possibility of hell busting loose everywhere any minute with military music, oratory, mobilization, adventure, travel, ships, submarines, radio communication, gas-se mines, bombs, cannons, machine-guns, airplanes, tactics, bric-a-brac, horse crap, memoirs of generals, alliances, leagues, baloney, and ten years later the whole business over again in lousy poems, lousy novels, lousy books of history, lousy moving pictures, maybe in technicolor, maybe starring Miss Harlow, and the problem of the bonus. We're sort of happy and all, but gee we don't have no fun no more and nobody hates niggers no more and nobody hates nobody no more, there ain't nobody to hate no more, Dear Dorothy Dix, what

shall we do? We are beginning to feel a gnawing nostalgia for the crazy world which is no longer a reality but the nightmare everybody used to claim it was in moments of excitement. Dear darling Dorothy, we are getting just a wee bit bored to death. Your lover, Sam.

Just for argument's sake, I figure I'd like to improve conditions internationally and set up a regular high-class circus with everybody in his place, doing his stuff, and no fudging. I'd just like to know if it would stop the knocking at the door. I'm just curious to know if it would fix things up so nicely that a man would just walk up to the door and open it and go in and make hisself at home.

WE SNATCH A FRAIL

JOHN FANTE AND FRANK FENTON

(With profound apologies to the school of Hardboiled Writers)

I WENT IN. Joe was just sitting.
 "Nick aint come yet," he said.
 "Christ," I said. "Jesus Christ."
 I sat down. Joe kept spitting. It was awful. Spit. Awful. Pretty soon Nick came. He threw his hat across the room and sneered. Christ.
 "For Christ's sake stop spitting," I said.
 "Yeah," Nick said. I didn't say anything.
 "We got twenty minutes," Nick said. Joe kept spitting. Nick sat down and took the bullets out of his .38. Joe kept spitting.
 "Christ," I said. "Stop it."
 "It aint just spit," Nick said. "Looks pink."
 "Christ," I said. "It's blood. Jesus."
 "Yeah," Joe said. "Jesus Christ."
 "Christ," Nick said. "When we get the dough we'll send you to that place."
 "What place?" Joe said.
 "Christ," Nick said. "Where Millie went to get the lysol boiled out of her."
 "Yeah," I said. "We'll send him there."
 Joe didn't say anything. He spit in his hand and stared at the palm.
 "Blood," he said. "Christ."
 Nick looked at his watch.
 "We got ten minutes," he said. He stared at the chambers of his gun. He put one cartridge in and spun it with his finger.
 "I aint so sure about snatching this dame," Joe said.
 Nick laughed.
 "Christ," he said.
 He put the gun to his head with the one cartridge somewhere in it. Then he pulled the trigger. The hammer clicked. Nick laughed and got up.
 "Let's go," he said. "I feel lucky."
 II.
 "Jesus," Joe said.
 "Christ," I said.
 "What's the matter?" Nick said.
 "I don't like bumping off dames," Joe said.
 I was looking at Nick. It made me think of my father.

"Christ," he said. "What's the difference?"
 I laughed out loud.
 "Jesus," I said. "That's funny."
 We walked across the Seminary lawn. We could see the girls through the windows. We saw them pass the windows upstairs. Some of them were in pajamas. One of them was naked. Nick pointed and laughed.
 "Jesus," Joe said. He kept spitting.
 The offices downstairs were dark.
 "How we gonna get in?" I said.
 "Watch," Nick said.
 He drove the muzzle of his gun through the glass. It crashed and left a hole.
 "Jesus," Joe said.
 We climbed in.
 It was dark. Nick went down the hall. I could hear Joe spitting. We waited a long time for Nick to come back.
 Nick came back. He was carrying the girl like a sack on his back. She was a pretty girl. She seemed little. Her forehead was bleeding.
 We dragged the girl out the window.
 We got her to the car and Nick covered her with a blanket. Her leg was showing under the blanket. Nick saw Joe staring at it. He stuck his finger in Joe's eye. The finger went way in.
 "Christ," Joe said. Nick laughed.
 "Step on it," he said.
 "Jesus," I said. "We're doing sixty now."
 The girl twisted and groaned. Nick reached in the side pocket and got some black adhesive tape. He jerked the blanket away. The girl's eyes were open. Nick hit her with his fist. Her face went white.
 "Christ," Joe said.
 "Come here," Nick said.
 He grabbed her by the hair and held her like a wrestler and tapped her mouth. When he was through all you could see was her eyes. Then he hit her again.
 "Christ," Joe said. "She can't breathe."
 "Her lungs are better than them cheesy ones of yours," Nick said.
 I yelled at Nick: "What did you do to the matron?"
 "I slugged her," Nick said.
 "You killed her?" Joe said.
 "Yeah," Nick said.

We were now in open country. Nick leaned back and started whistling "Little Grass Shack." We turned down Van Owen road and into the driveway of the farmhouse. There was a light at the window.

Millie came to the door. She was Nick's girl. Nick dragged the girl out of the back. She fell on the ground.

"Bring her in," Nick said. He went in first.

We carried the broad in. Millie locked the door. Nick was over by the radio.

"Lock her in the back room," he said.

"She's all bloody," Joe said.

"Wash the blood off her Millie," Nick said.

"Christ," Joe said.

I put the car away. There was a pool of blood in the back seat. I covered it with gunny sacks. Then I went back to the house. I looked at the stars. They made me think of my mother. I stood there. Then I went in.

Nick was by the radio. The snatch was coming over the police broadcast. They knew all about it. Nick turned off the radio and took a drink. Joe started a fit of coughing. Nick laughed.

"Cheese lungs," he said.

"Yeah," I said.

Millie came in. Nick went over and kissed her.

"Did you fix her up?"

"No."

"Why the hell not?"

"She's dead."

"Christ," Nick said.

Joe started babbling. He dribbled pink stuff out of his mouth. Nick went over and hit him. Joe quieted down.

"Go out in the yard and dig a hole," Nick said.

Joe started crying. "We'll burn for this," he said.

Nick laughed. "They wont burn me," he said.

Joe was staring vacantly.

"When you burn it takes five minutes," he said. "They give it to you three times. Your hair stinks and burns. Then they take you out and saw off the back of your head and take out your brains, and then they give you to them college kids. Jesus." He screamed it. "Jeeeee sus!"

Nick didn't say anything. He hit Joe in the jaw. It sounded like a plank breaking. I bent over Joe. He was dead.

"He's dead," I said.

"Yeah," Nick said.

"You killed him," Millie said.

Nick turned and took a drink.

"Turn on the radio," he said.

I did it. There was a band playing. It was Guy Lombardo.

"Keep that," Nick said. "Maybe they'll play 'Little Grass Shack.'"

"You killed her too," Millie said.

Nick went over and got her by the arm. He started twisting it.

"I wish I was dead," she said.

Nick took the gun from his pocket.

"Here," he said.

She put the muzzle in her mouth and pulled the trigger. Nick stepped aside when she fell. He stood looking down at her. Then he pushed her with his foot.

"Christ," I said.

Nick looked at me.

"You need a drink," he said.

I took a long one. Nick went over and turned the radio louder. "I wish they'd play 'Little Grass Shack,'" he said.

There was a sound outside.

"Lock that door," Nick said.

I locked it. It was the cops all right.

"We're through, Nick."

"Yeah."

The cops were hammering.

Nick laughed.

"Let's shoot it out," he said.

He went over to where Millie lay. He bent down and kissed her. He turned to me.

"It's no good," he said.

The cops hammered away.

"We're going out the short cut," Nick said.

"How?" I said. "There aint none."

"I'll plug you and then plug myself."

"No," I said. "I'll plug you first."

"No," Nick said.

I didn't say anything. Nick leveled the gun.

"Go ahead," I said.

I looked around the room and thought about God. Then I looked at Nick.

Nick fired. It went right through my heart. It hurt very much. I don't know how long it took me to die. I thought about God all the way.

Nick looked down at me. He didn't say anything. After a while he put the gun to his head and laughed. Then he fired. He started dropping.

"Christ," he said. "I'm dropping."

The door crashed down and the cops came in.

One of them pushed Nick's face with his foot.

"He's dead," he said. "Christ."

The radio was playing. It was "Little Grass Shack."

"Turn that off," a cop said. "Christ."

The cop walked out. He was crying. He went out under the stars and thought about God. He didn't say anything.

MOOD

W. H. GERRY

Within this hour of mesmerized content
Shrouded in sun, and with the sea's green thighs
Merged in caress against the white-skinned beach,
I stowaway in smoke trailing the unseen hull,
Checking my body with the black-capped gull
Who drifts downwind as casual as speech
But who alone observes with eyes preened wise
Through aeons of patrol and precedent.

The hour ends: beachward I come again
To slip my body on and pay the bird
With half a moment's eulogy; and then
Return to die in deserts of the word
Where men are bones, and men devour men,
And shrapnel falls as rain to feed the sword.

WRITERS' CONGRESS

TO JUDGE from interest being evinced in the Western Writers' Congress to be held in San Francisco November 13th to November 15th it appears that this event is to be spectacularly successful. Even the organizers have been surprised. One reads so much of the reactionary viewpoint that one forgets how many anti-fascists there are, how unexpressed is their viewpoint in the great "popular" and commercial press, how keenly and often bitterly they feel the interferences, economic and political, with their creative freedom. From all the arts, movie, writing, drama, poetic, men and women will gather in San Francisco at this first Congress of Writers ever held in the West with a social as well as "literary" and "individualist" purpose.

Upton Sinclair is to be the main speaker at the opening session at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Friday November 13th at 8:15 p. m. Among the artists who have signified their intention of being present are many Hollywood writers including Dorothy Parker, Humphrey Cobb, Nathanael West, Tess Slesinger, Berthold Viertel, John Bright, Robert Tasker; among others who will read papers are Sara Bard Field, John Steinbeck, Haakon M. Chevalier, translator of Malraux's "Man's Fate" and "Days of Wrath" and the just published "Bells of Basel" by Louis Aragon, Clarkson Crane author of "The Western Shore," Harry Carlisle, author of "Darkness at Noon," Miriam Allen de Eord, Alexander Kaun, James Caldwell, John D. Barry, and many others.

Following are tentative arrangements:

The main writers' sessions will be held at the California Club, on Clay Street near Van Ness. This hall will provide the intimate atmosphere needed for writers' deliberations of the problems of their craft etc. A limited number of seats will be available for non-writers at these sessions. The four main sessions will be:

Saturday morning: "The Writer in a Changing World" and "Censorship, Suppression and Fascist Trends."

Saturday Afternoon: "Economics of the Writing Profession," discussing WPA, World Encyclopaedia, proposed Academy of Arts and Letters, and general economic problems of writers in every field, and their relationship to book and magazine publishers. Also the need for prizes for Western writers in all fields.

Saturday night: Reception to visiting writers, with refreshments, entertainment from cultural groups, discussion of Federation of Arts and Professions, need for magazine, followed by dancing.

Sunday morning: "Creative Problems and Criticism" and "Writing and Propaganda" in all fields.

Sunday afternoon: Seminars on the novel, poetry, prose and non-fiction writing, social science, screen, stage and radio, short story, popular writing (pulp), etc. Then discussion of organizations of writers, development of future program, etc.

Admission for the opening session at Scottish Rite Auditorium will be: reserved seats 75 cents, unreserved, 50 cents and 35 cents. All reservations can be made at Room 214, 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Telephone EXbrook 4479. Information about the limited seats for the seminars and discussion groups for non-writers may also be had at this office. It is suggested reservations be made early as a large attendance is expected.

Next week's PACIFIC WEEKLY will print the whole program of the convention.



LABOR SURVEY

ELVAR WAYNE

THE blurb on the book jacket says that "Labor Unions and the Public"* is an "impartial survey." My suspicions were immediately aroused that Mr. Chambers was probably as impartial as a Navy Admiral; these suspicions were justified when, after scanning the table of contents, I noticed a middle chapter dealing with the San Francisco 1934 strike and read it first. Only the Hearst papers have surpassed Mr. Chambers with an array of half-truths, downright lies and omissions of fact in treating the waterfront struggle.

Only July 5th, says the author, "Acting Governor Merriam ordered National Guardsmen to re-enforce the police and now the strikers armed themselves with revolvers and guns." One has visions of 33,000 armed strikers marching to battle. During my stint on the picket line that day, I never saw, and I doubt if anyone else saw, a striker armed with anything more lethal than a stick or a tear-gas bomb picked up after being hurled by a cop. "In the pitched battle which followed," avers Chambers, "three strikers were killed, thirty-eight others, including a few guardsmen, were shot . . ." (My italics). If any guardsmen were shot, the cops or themselves did the shooting.

The "impartial" survey then proceeds from the vicious to the ridiculous. "Housewives fought to get into grocery stores that afternoon (July 12) to clean out the shelves of everything that was edible. One woman, exhausted after struggling through the mob, found only four boxes of marshmallows left . . . 'Let me have 'em,' she pleaded. 'You can eat 'em, can't you?'"

After this introduction to the book, I turned to Chapter I. Strangely enough, the author, at this stage remote from the events, does give something of an unprejudiced review of the early development of labor unions in the United States. He expresses admiration for Debs, condemns the employers' use of injunctions and "yellow dog" contracts, and roundly denounces the exploitation of labor by such industrialists as George Pullman. Apparently this is the author's device for establishing his "impartiality" in the mind of the unwary reader.

Rightly he condemns labor racketeers such as Joseph P. Ryan and their guerilla tactics. And pertinently he criticizes the pure and simple business unionism of the A. F. of L. bureaucrats such as Bill Green. But in doing so he creates the impression that all labor leaders are fakers.

His thesis is that labor unions should be incorporated and made legally responsible for their acts, and that The Public (collection of "Innocent Bystanders") should sit in on labor disputes. "There must be, then, a third party sitting at the conferences between Capital and Labor," says Mr. Chambers. "It must be an articulate voice in behalf of The Public per-

*LABOR UNIONS AND THE PUBLIC, by Walter Chambers. (Coward-McCann, Inc.) \$2.00

manently aroused to the fact of its own exploitation by the combined forces of Capital and Labor."

Mr. Chambers closes his pot-boiler with a chapter calling for production-for-use and consumers' co-operatives.

JOURNALIST'S HISTORY

COVERING THE FAR EAST, by Miles Vaughn. (Covici-Friede.) \$2.50

ONE is impelled to compare Miles Vaughn's book with Vincent Sheean's "Personal History," simply because Vaughn in "Covering the Far East" ostensibly retraces footsteps of his colleague in journalism. Really there is only contrast where one might suspect similarity.

Sheean, a good journalist, phenomenally wrote literature, history, and philosophy. Vaughn according to the jobs he has held for twenty years is a competent journalist; but for the rest his talents can perhaps best be explored here by quoting a passage concerning Rayna Prohme, who was known to both men in China. Of Rayna, the dynamic young revolutionary who was for Sheean history itself, philosophy incarnate, Miles Vaughn has this to say:

"Vincent saw Rayna as one of the remarkable women of all time. To me she was merely a stubborn American girl filled with half-digested revolutionary ideas and almost totally lacking in common sense."

To anyone who has read "Personal History," this single discrepancy between the appraisals of Sheean and Vaughn is sufficient indication of the totality of contrast between the two men and their two books. Vaughn however is honest in laying no claim to profundity and in making no attempt at a penetrating analysis of the events which marched past him during his years in the Orient. A Kansas boy who with the early aid of dime novels encouraged a streak of romanticism long enough to have it gratified by years spent in far foreign lands, Miles Vaughn kept a diary during that period. The diary is a running account of newspaper history throughout eight or nine years in China and Japan; it includes several amusing escapades of its author and several experiences of horror; its occasional insights into oriental phenomena are as a rule contributions by the author's acquaintances. As the diary is amplified to volume length in "Covering the Far East," it is in general an entertaining travelogue, and in all honesty does not pretend to be more than that.

ERNEST ALBEE

MEXICAN TRAVEL

MEXICAN INTERLUDE, by Joseph Henry Jackson. (New York: Macmillan) \$2.50

THE JACKSONS, we gather, spent a very enjoyable vacation motoring in Mexico. In "Mexican Interlude" is another of those chatty travel records that have proven so popular of late years. We find out a great deal about the Jacksons, but not very much, alas! about Mexico.

Those who take their travel vicariously will perhaps enjoy this account of a journey along the new Pan-American highway to Mexico City and various subsequent jaunts to Toluca for Market-Day, to Taxco and Cuernavaca, to the pyramids of Teotihuacan, to the studio of Diego Rivera, to Puebla for tiles, and to a *maguery* plantation near Tlaxcala. Like all tourists the author seems to have spent a good deal of time bargaining for souvenirs and eating. And like all tourists he seems to have felt that the natives recognized in him not a common tourist but an especial and sympathetic visitor.

Mr. Jackson is an enthusiastic and charming travel companion for one who wants to do his bargaining for serapes

at his own hearthside, and to savor rich exotic dishes without the danger of indigestion. For one who is interested to learn about the life, or even the "things that one should see" in Mexico, this book will not go deep enough. Maybe it wasn't meant to.

LUCINDA ARNOLD

LOVE STORY

DAVID AND JOANNA, by George Blake, (Henry Holt & Co.) \$2.00

THIS is a love story about two people who found an excuse to have a good time. Glasgow during depression times is the starting point, where they each revolt against their respective families, Joanna against her kleptomaniac mother and her drunken father, David against his puritanical and martyred aunt. Finding nothing but intolerance at home they go off to seek their fortunes vagabonding the Highlands of Scotland. They drift about finding jobs where it was possible and living life gloriously and impractically. No thought of marriage occurred to them without some financial security on the horizon until an aristocratic lady, on whose land they are camping, sees that Joanna is with-child and finds out that they are not married. After making it disagreeable for them both they decide it is impossible to stay there. They return to David's home to take care of his aunt who on her death bed has relented.

George Blake brings out the ideals and "cleanness" of this generation, who are all too often accused of having none. But the story is not new; the quality of the writing is worth more than the story.

KAY HOLLISTER

MEDIOCRE NOVEL

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, by Mason Woolford. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company) \$2.00

THIS is a mediocre story, about mediocre people and written in mediocre style. In fact it maintains its mediocrity through 330 pages. It is the story of a middle-class family—a father, mother, son and daughter—who by virtue of the depression are compelled to reside in a small apartment and take in a roomer. The roomer marries the daughter and everything ends nice and morally; the mother almost peps the book up by having an affair with a sympathetic musician, dragged into the story by the heels for the express purpose, but she, too,

ARTEMIS

ELLA YOUNG

The moon took off her mask for me
Yester-night,
I saw her proud face
Ivory-white.

And, slinking through the jungle, too,
The leopard saw:
He stretched in haughty greeting
A scimitar claw.

maintains the high moral standard of the book and nothing happens again.

This is Woolford's first book, and he can undoubtedly write. It seems a shame to pull the plug of this little tank for him. But the first requirement in writing a book is to have something interesting to write about or, failing that, to write about nothing in an entertaining fashion. This is neither written entertainingly nor are the Stewart clan a very interesting family.

LESLIE T. WHITE

AUTOBIOGRAPHER'S NOVEL

CRADLE OF LIFE, by Louis Adamic. (Harper's) \$2.50

HORACE GREGORY, in reviewing this latest book of Louis Adamic, says that "because his writing is infused with great personal charm, I find it difficult to resist anything he has written."

This reviewer made no attempt to resist "Cradle of Life" but swallowed it hook, line, sinker and all. It is a charming, fascinating story, moves swiftly and excitingly, and not until it has been gulped down voraciously does one feel meditative. There are faults about it; it is, for example, a preposterous story; but in spite of Mr. Adamic's febrile imagination, and perhaps because of it, the recollection of its characters lingers in one's memory. The exposé of the *fachook* industry is memorable: one may trust Adamic to unearth an appalling by-product of capitalism while those to his left plod on patiently in well-worn grooves.

Mr. Adamic may be counted upon to develop the unexpected and to crystallize the extraordinary, and possibly he is therefore ultimately romantic; but nevertheless there is in this, as in all of his work, a fine testimony to the working class and his sympathies are obviously and thoroughly in their behalf. No one has done as much to kindle the emotions of the middle-class in this country to social justice in recent years as Mr. Adamic, and I see no reason to criticize in him the very characteristics that disarm them.

ESTHER BLAISDELL

GROUPS IN ACTION

PROTEST TO POLAND

On October 10th the Canadian Polish paper "Voice of Labor" brought the news of the arrest in Warsaw of a well known Polish left-wing writer, Antonina Sokolicz. The charges against her are: anti-Polish propaganda among Canadian workers and peasants.

A protest meeting was arranged in Winnipeg by the United Front of Polish workers under the auspices of the Communist Party of Canada. Hundreds of emigrant workers passed a resolution of protest and demanded the immediate release of Antonina Sokolicz.

As a novelist and playwright of high standing, Antonina Sokolicz has a wide influence among the Polish intelligentsia. She has translated the works of Upton Sinclair and Jack London, has written several books and a number of plays and played a vital part in creating and keeping alive the first Labor University in Warsaw in 1918 (Pilsudski closed it). Miss Sokolicz built cultural and political nuclei in remote places in Siberia during the Revolution, and later in Poland; she toured America visiting Polish farmers and workers, and recently worked for some years in Canada studying the life of the Polish farmers there. Her last novel "The Caesarian Operation" dealing with the history of Poland and the miserable existence of her peasantry won her the appreciation of the Polish intelligentsia and workers. The Polish Consul of New York, according to the "Voice of Labor," sent her back to Poland where she was immediately arrested. Antonina Sokolicz was in San Francisco for some time lecturing on Poland.

Widespread protest throughout the United States at the arrest of this writer is in order and resolutions demanding her immediate freedom should be rushed to the Polish Embassy.

Irene Morska

SOVIET UNION'S NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY

The American-Russian Institute holds its Soviet anniversary dinner this week on Friday November 6th in the Hotel Sir Francis Drake at 7 p. m. California's Russian experts will all be on hand to speak: Professor H. H. Fisher of the Department of history at Stanford on "The U. S. S. R. and the Popular Front"; Dr. Ralph A. Reynolds, who has just returned from a trip to the Soviet Union, on "Health Progress—1929-1936"; Mr. Holland D. Roberts, Chairman of the School of Education at Stanford, on the new Constitution; Professor Alexander Kaun of the Slavic Department at the University of California, on "Soviet Youth"; Mr. N. V. Aliavdin, Acting Consul-General for the U. S. S. R. on "The Peace Policy of the Soviet Union"; Mr. John E. Ross, who has also lately returned from a trip there, on "Education in the U. S. S. R."; Dr. Michael Shapovalov, senior plant pathologist in the Department of Agriculture, on "Achievements in Agriculture"; Dr. Jacob Weinstein on the Cultural Minorities. John D. Barry will be in the Chair. As always at this anniversary dinner, the hearers will get their annual glance at the actual state of the Soviet Union, a glimpse into all sides of cultural and economic life.

Admission is \$1.50 and tickets may be had from the Institute at 68, Post Street.

INTER-PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATION

"What I Saw in Salinas" will be told by the Reverend Edgar E. Wilson, of the Park-Presidio United Church, at the October Meeting of the Inter-Professional Association. At the same meeting, George I. Davis, Attorney for the Tom Mooney habeas corpus hearing, will speak on "Industrial Labor Relations" and Mrs. Robert McWilliams will tell about the newly formed Simon Lubin Society to help agricultural workers in California. John D. Barry will be chairman. Time: 6 p. m. dinner, Friday, October 30. Place: Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, San Francisco. Dinner, 75 cents. Guests after dinner, 25 cents. All are welcome. Sponsored by the Inter-Professional Association, San Francisco Chapter.

SIMPSON LECTURE

The case of Lawrence Simpson, American seaman sentenced to three years in a Nazi prison for "treason," will be the subject of a talk to be given November 11 at Sorosis Hall, 536 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Time, 8 p. m. Admission 25 cents. Chairman, John D. Barry.

Gifford E. Cochran is the distinguished speaker. Mr. Cochran, who has been very active in the Simpson case and who recently won an interview with Secretary Hull, is the movie director who produced "Maedchen in Uniform," "The Emperor Jones" and other famous movies. He speaks French and German fluently. Sponsored by the inter-Professional Association, San Francisco Chapter.

Publicity Chairman, Elsa Gidlow
1158 Page Street, San Francisco

SALLITTO DEFENDED

A Friend of the Court brief, on behalf of Domenick Sallitto, anti-Fascist facing deportation to Italy, has been filed in the Federal circuit court of appeals, according to information received from the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born.

Sallitto, who entered the United States in 1922, was arrested April 11, 1934, in Oakland, California, and held for deportation, charged with membership in an organization which believes in the overthrow of the government by "force and violence."

The brief was filed in New York by Attorney Leonard E. Ruisi, representing the New York Joint Board of the I. L. G. W. U., Local 169 of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America (both affiliated to the A. F. of L.), Burton K. Turkus, and Solomon Pearlman, prominent Brooklyn attorneys. The brief maintains that the warrant of deportation be cancelled "in that the issue of free speech affects all agitation for political, economic and social reform," and proceeds to show that there is no substantial evidence in the record to sustain the charge against Sallitto and that the deportation proceedings were unfair. Sallitto, who has a four-year-old daughter born in this country and from whom he faces separation, is being defended by the Ferrero-Sallitto Defense Conference.

RESOLUTION AGAINST IMPERIAL VALLEY OUTRAGE

WHEREAS, Esco L. Richardson, candidate for Congress, and Mrs. Bessie Keckler, candidate for State Assembly, on the Communist ticket, went to El Centro on the afternoon of October 23, 1936 to speak over Radio Station KXO by prearrangement, and

WHEREAS during the keeping of this legal engagement, a vigilante mob of hoodlums wrecked the radio station, manhandled Mrs. Keckler and severely beat Mr. Richardson and then treated them with cruelty and indignity on the public streets of that city for half an hour, finally forcibly ejecting them from the city by train, and

WHEREAS there were ample warnings in advance of such difficulty, despite which the Federal Court denied the candidates a protective injunction, the sheriff failed to answer for protection, and the city police appeared deliberately to avoid the scene of disorder despite promise of protection by the chief, and

WHEREAS such un-American behavior of the citizens and peace officers of Imperial Valley has long tended to bring California public order and justice into ill repute and now again mortifies all law abiding Americans and merely tends to encourage Communism,

THEREFORE the Inter-Professional Association of San Diego together with a larger group of citizens cognizant of this action do hereby resolve and request that

1. The Federal authorities take whatever steps may be necessary to protect life and liberty in the Imperial Valley by again investigating local government there and, if necessary, removing such incompetent and culpable authorities as are found responsible, and

2. That the U. S. District Attorney for this area and the Attorney General of California invoke the Lindbergh anti-kidnapping law against participants in this outrage, and

3. That the police department and the sheriff's office in El Centro do the only honorable things left to them and publicly apologize for their dereliction and seek to bring to justice all participants in the mob violence suffered by the two legal candidates for public office.

October 23, 1936

(Signed) H. S. Hillkowitz, Secretary
Inter-Professional Association
San Diego Chapter

CORRESPONDENCE

Editors "Pacific Weekly"

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Winston Gibbs in his double review of "The Stones Awake" and "Mexico: A Revolution by Education," (Pacific Weekly, October 19, 1936) makes a statement which I believe should be corrected. In my mind the passage "the great Mexican novel is yet to be written" shows ignorance of the work that has been done in Mexico to satisfy this need. The novels of Martin Luis Guzman, "La Sombra del Caudillo" and "El Aguila y la Serpiente" have been recognized by Mexican and European critics as of high value, and Mariano Azuela's "Los de Abajo" has merited the highest praise of critics everywhere, and the trouble of translation into almost every European language and into Japanese. In Soviet Russia the latter work was enthusiastically received, and the same Mr. Carleton Beals of "The Stones Awake" wrote a Preface for the American English edition "The Underdogs," translated by E. Munguia, Jr., Brentano's New York, 1929.

If Mr. Gibbs means the Great Mexican Novel by an American, then one must admit that he is correct. But for the nonce, Mr. Munguia's excellent translation may give a fair idea of the great Mexican Novel. "Los de Abajo" in the original Spanish will leave little doubt as to its high place in the expression of Revolutionary ideology aesthetically.

Truly yours,

José Cuatémoc

Berkeley

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing a dollar along with other subscribers and do hope you can keep going. The last number was fine.
Marin County

D. E.

Editors, Pacific Weekly

Hope you can keep going as we all enjoy your splendid magazine immensely.
Napa County

D. H.

Gentlemen:

We all hope P. W. continues. It is a vastly improved magazine, although we miss Lincoln Steffens' sly pokes at the opposition.
Berkeley, California

R. B.

THEY TELL ME . . .

GEORGES DUHAMEL has done for the French language what Sinclair Lewis did for the American—he has added a new word. Lewis gave America "Babbitt" and Duhamel has given France the "salavin" type—the tortured, introverted individual with a tremendous inferiority complex. The "salavin" type stems from Duhamel's cycle of four novels covering the life of Louis Salavin, all four of which were to be published in one volume on October 12 under the title, "Salavin." This is the first English translation of what is probably Duhamel's most distinguished work. The original French titles of the four volumes included are "Confession de Minuit"—"Journal de Salavin"—"Le Club des Lyonnais" and "Tel Qu'En Lui-Même."

Duhamel is perhaps the most prolific and versatile of modern French writers. He has essayed successfully almost every known literary form—essays, plays, poems, travel books, novels, even juveniles. And he was educated not as a writer but as a doctor, and was head surgeon of a hospital unit during the World War. In 1918 he published "Civilization," which was awarded the Prix Goncourt. Putnam publishes Duhamel in America.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S reports a "real upswing" in the publishing business. Marcia Davenport's "Of Lena Geyer" has gone into its third printing, "Heads and Tales" by Malvina Hoffman published September 28th, has gone into its fourth printing, "Robert E. Sherwood's 'Idiot's Delight' the Pulitzer Prize-winning play is into its fourth. Sherwood Anderson's "Kit Brandon: A Portrait" into its second printing (on day of publication), and the Earl of Lytton's "Anthony: A Record of Youth" is in its third printing.

THOMAS MANN has just become a member of the German Academy of Arts and Letters, a new organization dedicated to keeping German culture alive in exile. Other members are Thomas Mann's brother, Heinrich, and his son, Klaus; Stefan Zweig, Lion Feuchtwanger, Ernst Toller, Bruno Frank and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdi. The academy will award prizes for the best works of German prose, poetry, sculpture, painting, music and scholarly research produced in exile, with a view to encouraging young intellectuals who have had to leave their native country. The academy also plans to award a number of fellowships to impoverished artists and scholars.

ROBERT SPELLER announces that he will publish October 24th "John L. Lewis: Leader of Labor," the first full-length biography of the "most disturbing" man in America today. The author is Cecil Carnes, of the New York "World-Telegram" staff.

THE TITLE of Webb Miller's forthcoming volume of reminiscences of his twenty years as a foreign correspondent, originally announced as "I Wish I Were in Walden," has been changed to "I Found No Peace." Simon and Schuster will publish "I Found No Peace" on Armistice Day, November 11th. It will also be the December selection of "The Literary Guild." Mr. Miller is now living in London, where he is the General News Manager of the United Press.

SCRIBNER'S have just published the first two volumes of a limited subscription edition of the Complete Works of George Santayana. The edition will be numbered and the first volume of each copy will be signed by the author. Mr. Santayana named this Limited Edition the Triton Edition because the Fountain of the Tritons is visible from the window of his room in Rome, and also because this mythological sea-god may stand as a symbol for the general quality of Santayana's philosophy.

WHAT-NOTS: Earl Browder's book, "What Is Communism?" formerly \$2.00 a copy, has just been reprinted by Workers Library Publishers, New York, in a special edition of 50,000 copies, at 25 cents a copy. The book contains 192 pages. . . . Sylvia Townsend Warner, whose latest book, "Summer Will Show" (Viking), was a story of the 1848 revolution in France, is an eye witness today of the revolution in Spain. She is at present in Barcelona, working for the Spanish Government's Red Cross. . . . Leonard Ehrlich's second novel, "The Free and the Lonely," originally scheduled for Fall publication, has been postponed to the Spring of 1937. . . . Josephine Johnson has completed her second novel. . . . Max Eastman is working on his memoirs. His latest work, "The Enjoyment of Laughter," will be published on November 10th. . . . "New Masses" is putting out its 25th anniversary number in November. It will contain contributions from America's main left-wing writers, cartoonists, satirists and artists. . . . The American League Against War and Fascism has published three interesting pamphlets: "Spain's Democracy Talks to America" by Harry F. Ward and A. A. McLeod, "American Legion and Civil Liberty" by Walter Wilson and "Hearst Counterfeit American" by Ann Weedon, all 5 cents. The latest Workers' Library publication is a 5 cent pamphlet by Robert Minor "The Struggle Against War and the Peace Policy of the Soviet Union."

ELLA WINTER

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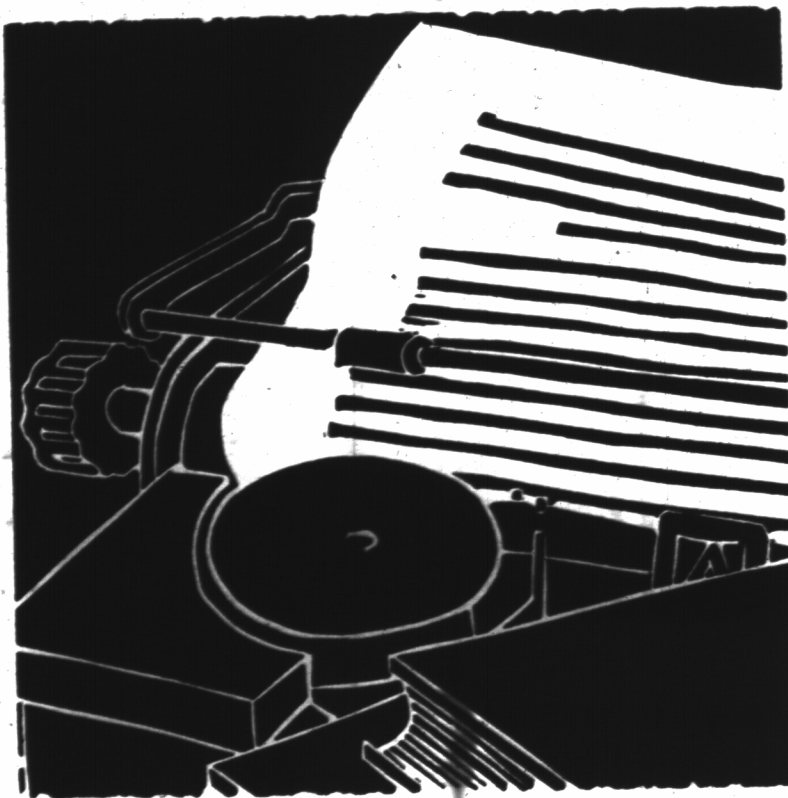
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